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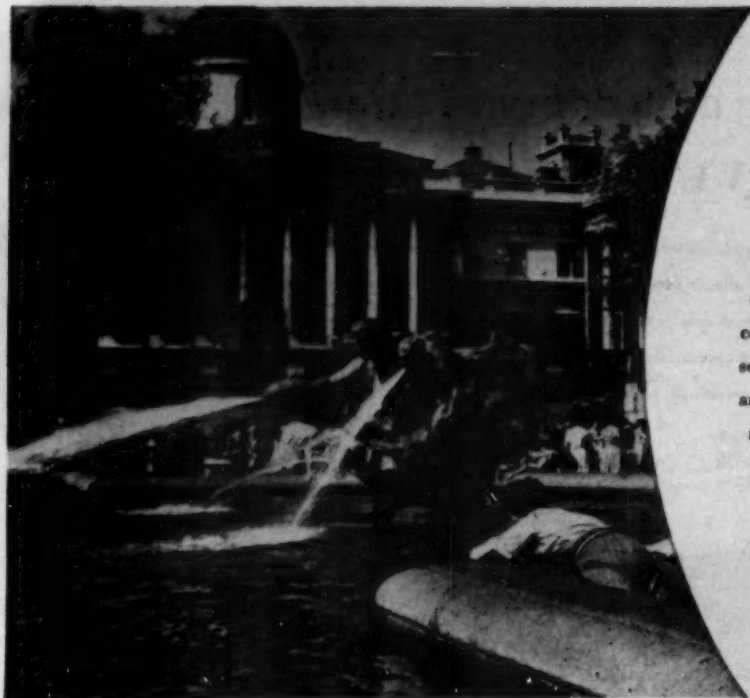
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Trafalgar Square



[Punch 61]



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WHEN THE HOOK catches in the line, a fisherman is annoyed. But there is one kind of fishing where it is an accomplishment. It is the highly specialised art of bringing up a cable from the depths of the sea practised regularly by the crews of the cable ships belonging to Cable & Wireless Ltd. They fish with a grapnel.

Delicate instruments have brought the ship over the cable. The grapnel swings at the end of a hawser. Its four foot length sinks down to the ocean bed, maybe to 3,000 fathoms — about $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles — where the pressure is $3\frac{1}{2}$ tons per square inch. The grapnel must be guided until it catches the cable, sometimes a tedious business. Hauling in is tricky and often dangerous when a cable

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There are 155,000 nautical miles of cable in the great submarine network of Cable & Wireless Ltd. Despite ever rising world costs of material and labour constant maintenance keeps the traffic load moving quickly and securely. The Company has eight cable ships patrolling the world's waters — they are a vital part of this vast integration of cable and wireless communication, which serves the whole Commonwealth, earns money for Britain in foreign countries and is truly part of Britain's business.

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Invisible asset

Women have been using 'Lightning' zips on their dresses for years, because they are quick, convenient and safe. Yet zips appealed first to the masculine mind when they made it so much easier and more practical to open and shut tobacco pouches, golf jackets and briefcases. And nowadays more and more men are

realising that on trousers, too, the 'Lightning' zip is definitely an invisible asset.

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the reliable zip

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The whole success and happiness of your holiday depends on the fitness of your eyes! It's lovely for you to laze—but your eyes can't. They have to work harder than ever. Moreover, they have the added hazards of sun-glare, sand-specks, and unfamiliar infections. So be sure that you have Optrex with you for all minor troubles and holiday eyestrains. And thus give your eyes too, a holiday!

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Some people say Wisdom Nylon toothbrushes stay firm longer; others say Wisdom Natural Bristle is kinder to gums. Who is right?

Even the experts disagree—so follow your dentist's advice. Anyway,

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THE 'CORRECT-SHAPE' TOOTHBRUSH

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Shell Chemicals

Plant a seed and raise a crop . . . and Nature will quickly provide an assortment of insect pests and fungus diseases to attack it! The more effective control of these pests and diseases, and the selective destruction of weeds, are major interests of Shell Chemicals, not only to aid the professional grower, but also to help the week-end gardener who finds a deep and satisfying pleasure in 'making things grow.' For use in gardens the materials supplied to the fruit-grower and market gardener are not always suitable in their original form; Shell therefore introduced Shell Garden Sprays specially for the amateur. These products have been designed for simple application and quick results, out-of-doors and in the greenhouse. Whether it be greenfly on the roses, maggot in the peas, 'big bud' in black currants, weeds in the lawn — the busy amateur can now tackle them and their kind with ease and success.

Gardeners may obtain a useful Spraying Calendar free on request to



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The man who loved dogs...



"BOB MARTIN'S"—it's a household name to-day! How did it start?

The story begins with one man, a man who loved dogs.

The late Robert William Martin spent a lifetime in the study and care of dogs. He knew that show-dogs had to be fit to win. Thus was formulated what he was later to term a "condition powder," which brought dogs into perfect condition and kept them there.

Breeders used this preparation with such success that early in this century it was decided to make the preparation available to the public. To-day, from the Bob Martin laboratories at Southport, Condition Powder Tablets are despatched to nearly every part of the globe.

Why do more than a million dogs in Great Britain have their Bob Martin's regularly? Why should your dog need conditioning?

Well, for one thing, it is almost impossible for you to give him an ideal diet these days. And the exercise you give him may not always be enough. For these reasons, the average dog is not thoroughly fit. That is why you so often see such symptoms as listlessness, loss of appetite, excessive scratching and poor coat. They're all signs of loss of condition well known to the experienced dog-owner.

What's in Bob Martin's?

Bob Martin's Condition Powder Tablets contain vitamins

of the B Group, vitamin D and calcium, iron and other minerals. These vitamins and minerals are vitally necessary for doggy good health and they are the ones your dog often doesn't get in his food. By improving his appetite and making sure he gets the full nourishment from his food, and by toning-up the dog's whole system, they provide a natural safeguard against loss of condition.



Now the hot weather's coming, look for the danger signs given below.

If hot days make your dog listless, moody or lacking in energy; if he leaves his dinner half finished or eats it without enthusiasm; if his coat, after its change in spring, looks lifeless, dull and thin, or if he scratches a great deal; then he's out of condition.

Deal with this loss of condition at once, before it seriously affects his health. Give Bob Martin's Condition Powder Tablets regularly.

When you see the difference this simple treatment makes, then ask yourself:

Is my dog brim full of energy, bursting with high spirits?

Does he wolf down his dinner and leave the plate as clean as a whistle?

Has he a thick dense coat, bright eyes and a cold damp nose?

If you can say "Yes" to all three, then you know he's in perfect condition...

... and that's Bob Martin condition!



Bob Martin's Condition Powder Tablets from chemists and pet shops. 10d. and 2s.



Scruffy hair? Girls hate it!

End Dry Scalp
and notice the difference

GIRLS HATE 'scruffy' hair — hair that's dry, lifeless or flecked with dandruff. These things mean Dry Scalp — and Dry Scalp can be dealt with.

All you need is a daily 20-second massage with 'Vaseline' Brand Hair Tonic. Work it in gently, moving the whole scalp.

Your hair will look better and your scalp will feel better. And remember — 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic is very economical at 2/9d and 4/3d (inc. tax).

Oh-oh Dry Scalp!

Can't miss it, can you? That dry, lifeless, scruffy look, or maybe flakes of dandruff in the parting and on the collar. It all shows "Dry Scalp"!



What a difference 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic makes! Your hair looks much better and your scalp feels much better when you call in that crystal-clear hair tonic. Get a bottle right away!



Vaseline® HAIR TONIC

THE DRESSING THAT ENDS DRY SCALP

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Craven Mixture 4's on os.
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FOR MEN WHO KNOW GOOD TOBACCO



*Mechanical handling
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CHEAP TO RUN

The only 'fuel' cost is battery
charging: a few pence per 8-hour
day for platform trucks—less than
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SPEEDY

Instant starting. High acceleration.
Quick manoeuvring.

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Battery charged automatically and correctly without
supervision. Simple truck design calls for little main-
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Specialist fitters not required.

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A youth can learn to operate the simple controls in a few
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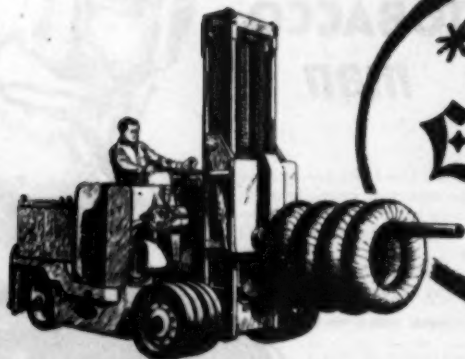
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hauls. Electric motor and accessory electrical equipment
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Battery will complete its working life without
overhaul. No unscheduled time out of service.

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No inflammable fuel. No sparks.



* For mechanical handling at lowest cost

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BATTERIES

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CHARIVARIA

SOME criticism has been incurred by the Chancellor of the Exchequer for his decision to cut expenditure on our Foreign Information services. But it seems a rational move. The job is being admirably handled under the Official Secrets Act.

sense of proportion. The latest attack appears in the correspondence columns of *Picture Post*. A Mr. Carpenter writes, "Who can look at these comics and escape the conclusion that there is a connection between them and the increasing volume of juvenile delinquency?"

To guide national thought is a heavy responsibility in these times of world unrest, and leader-writers must often wonder where their illuminating beam can most profitably be cast. The *Sunday Express* flooded its white light into a dark corner only recently:

"INSPIRATION"

Salute the men who devote their days to the clearing of rubbish, dirt and waste from our streets. There is an unpleasant task, especially in the heat of full summer, when holiday litter thickens everywhere. But they do not complain. They smile and work away with dignity and pride of office. Let us learn from them to be proud of our own work, however humble and tedious it may be."

Many a man clearing up rubbish will pause for a proud moment to read this before cramming it, with a new-found dignity, into his barrow.

"Captain J. Trayner, of the *Stirling Castle*, taken his garden with him when he goes to sea. On the bridge he grows tomatoes, geraniums and nasturtiums. When he is not gardening he paints."—*Evening News*

Anyone sailing the ship?

Mr. Churchill's decision to dispense with the services of a Public Relations Officer has been warmly applauded by a daily paper, which demands to know why the example is not followed by all Government departments. Government departments are passing the question to their Public Relations Officers.

Moscow has imposed a ban on fairy-tales, "unless they serve educational aims." It won't affect that one about the little Red, Riding Hood.

Refuting readers' complaints that Esperanto seldom receives Press mention *The British Esperantist* points out in its current issue that references to the language have been made by *Transport Management*, *European Radio*, *Neighbour* (the organ of the Scottish police service) and the *Luton Commerce and Trade Journal*. It is with diffidence that we seek enlistment in this small but distinguished company—but we must express our delight at finding that humour is not

Comedians seem to be under heavy fire nowadays, and there are signs that their detractors are losing all



overlooked by the Esperanto-speaking world. It is only right to give wider publicity to a *libro de la bona humoro* which is advertised in *The British Esperantist's* columns. The book is claimed to contain "artikoloj, artikoletoj, sciindaĵoj, enigmoj, ludoj, anekdotoj [and] humorajoj," and is printed (and ilustrita) on two hundred and forty *paĝoj largliniaj*. For all this, 10s. 6d. seems a very reasonable *prezo*.

Boys at a leading public school have been forbidden to put their hands in their pockets. Parents are envious.

A recent survey carried out among Young Farmers' Clubs reveals that a reluctance to settle down in England's remoter villages is due less to any lack of

amenities than to a feeling of being ignored. This impels us to the astonishing conclusion that there are still people whose way Mr. Dimbleby hasn't yet been down.

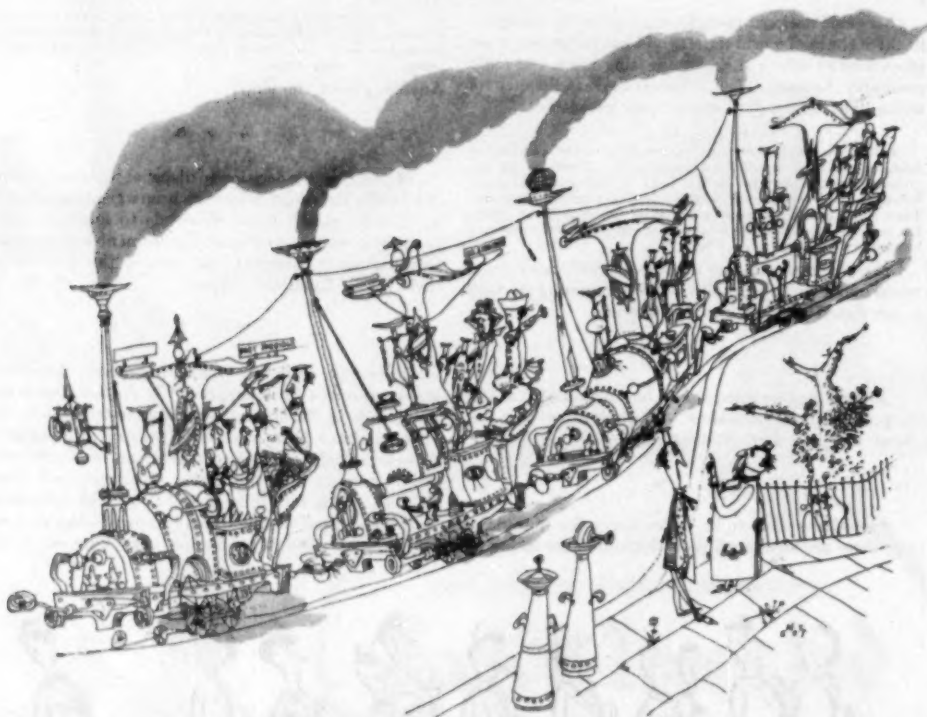
British Locomotive Practice and Performance

"We have now, and shall have even more so in the future, a service of passenger trains second to none in frequency and general usefulness. And with a combined and enthusiastic effort we can get still nearer to the ideal... As with most railway work, it is the team that counts... Let each one of us say, 'It all depends on me,' and act accordingly. The results will be our reward—and the public's satisfaction."

From a leading article in British Railways Magazine

"Some of the delegates said that the decision to keep going slow would mean that more trains would be dropped from the mid-week schedules... One of the men warned as the meeting broke up: 'We are a little section of the railway that could stop it working to-morrow—just by refusing to service the engines. The public will feel the effect of this within a couple of days. No engines have been serviced this week-end.'"

From a news item in the Daily Express



"'Slash ten minutes off the Prawnmouth run' orders Head Office..."

"'It'll mean a Special Train' I said..."

THRENODY FOR TWO HATS

A MAN may have a soft green hat whipped from his head and cast upon the permanent way without giving way to an extravagance of grief. Such things happen and must be accepted. But they ought not to happen to the same man twice within the space of three years.

British Railways (Southern Region) were not, in the first instance, to blame. Passengers put their heads out of carriage windows at their own risk, and those who do so without first removing their hats must bear the consequences. Wind, which can fell mighty oaks and hurl the waves of the sea to the top of eighty-foot cliffs, cannot be expected to go the long way round when it meets so delicate an obstruction as a soft green hat. It simply gets under the brim and heaves.

What happens thereafter is, at eleven o'clock on a dark winter's night, a matter of guesswork. There is an acute sensation of loss, an instinctive, despairing clutch and, save for the drumming of the wheels, silence. A hat cannot cry out. It makes no thud. Like spin-drift, if the comparison is not too fanciful, it whirls away. Somewhere in the ghastly tangle of points and cross-overs between Queen's Road, Battersea and Clapham Junction it settles on the unyielding ballast; not finally, perhaps, for drawn by the onrush of the train's progress it may (if the behaviour of a panama lost in daylight between the two World Wars be any guide) hop painfully forward a yard or two, as if striving to rejoin the head it has warmed and comforted so long. The guard's van rattles by. The hat raises itself two inches in a final, not ignoble salute, and flops back exhausted in the cold, comfortless shelter of a metal chair.

Next day some platelayer finds it, and wears it, one likes to think, not on the back of the head but slightly down in the bows and with a list to starboard, as it has been accustomed to be worn.

Such happenings, one repeats, are to be borne. At least the end

came quickly—a clean finish in the open air. If the hat had to go, it would have wished, one feels, to go that way. And no one, save only the late owner, is to blame. But what is one to say when—in the Underground—untimely reft—one can't . . .

You must forgive an old man's emotion. One feels these things more deeply as the years go by. It was not yet three years old, that second hat. And such a shade! Privet, the man called it, though the term, with its suggestion of a hard, leafy gloss, did less than justice to the soft green glow, like evening sunlight on the playing-fields of some great public school, that that hat had upon it. It had style, too. So gentle a hat was it, so malleable, so ready, in brim and crown, to stay where it was put, that within a day or two of its purchase the sting of the old one's loss was smoothed away. It sat the head so sweetly, you might have said that man and hat were one.

And now! Caught in a draught at Trafalgar Square and never seen again!

London Transport cannot escape the consequences of their own acts. A man has a perfect right to walk down the steps at Trafalgar Square tube station with his hat a little on one side and on his lips the smile of one who has dined, not excessively but well. He does not expect to have both hat and smile wiped away in an instant by a current of cold air powerful enough to be indicated by arrows on a meteorological map. He does not want to have to go clattering, wild-eyed, on to a platform in pursuit of a costly hat that is nowhere to be seen when he gets there. It is inexpressibly painful for a man of sensibility to be obliged, in the absence of any official to whom he can appeal, to clamber down on to the track and poke and peer about in conditions of dirt, darkness and discomfort that have to be experienced to be believed. There is also an element of personal risk.

Everything that can be done to make hat-finding difficult on an underground track has been done by London Transport. It may not be generally known that underneath the platform is a dark, noisome cavern, deep enough to conceal a dozen hats yet too low-roofed to allow the crouching searcher to follow the light of his flickering match within. Cables writhe about in the gloom and the smell of charnel houses lends an added touch of the macabre. The edge of the platform itself, to which the searcher is fain to cling when he straightens himself to look about him, is far from clean, and chilly to the touch. Standing there, waist-deep, hatless and begrimed, the searcher cuts a sorry figure as he meets the inquisitive gaze of newcomers to the platform. He would prefer, on the whole, to explain what he is doing down there, but the etiquette of the situation is unfamiliar to him. Shyness forbids him to be the first to speak, and they do not ask. Only by his actions, and by a certain deliberate bare-headedness, can he hope to make the matter plain. He turns and walks briskly into the yawning mouth of the tunnel proper.

Here, if anywhere, in view of the prevailing direction of the draught, may a hat be expected to be found. But the lighting in the tunnel is deplorable. There is, in fact, none. Moreover, the feeling of being about to be hit in the back by a train grows with every step, so that only the boldest or most foolhardy dare penetrate more than a yard or two into this Stygian place. It is not enough. Hats may penetrate, at a guess, up to a quarter of a mile.

It is time to be going. There is a distant rumble, a vibration, full of menace. Enormous voltages are all around. Even a soft green hat—a privet hat—may be too dearly bought.

Or so, at least, I said to myself last night. And so I said again this morning, when told the price of a new one.

H. F. ELLIS

RIFTS IN THE LUTE

THE Financial and Statistical Accounts of the Transport Commission for 1951* have been eagerly awaited, but now that they have appeared it is difficult to know what to say. Ideally, of course, the analysis of these accounts should fall to an expert; they differ from last year's more in degree than in kind and are so set out (we put this to the printer for what it is worth) as to discourage anyone who is not interested from reading them.

From the layman's point of view the vital part is the report of the auditors, and we are glad to find that "(3) The Consolidated Revenue Account, Consolidated Balance Sheet and the said supplementary statements are in agreement with the books, records and above-mentioned returns." This is most encouraging. It is clear that the competent authorities are well in their stride and there is every reason to expect many years of constructive endeavour. What is a little disturbing is that in the many thousands of words written in appraisal of these accounts this reassurance should have been ignored. The Commission is to blame for this. It cannot be coincidence that paragraph (3) falls next to paragraphs (4) and (5). These make much less happy reading and would certainly have been dragged into the public arena had they not been buried away on one page among 210 pages of tables, most of which, as far as the present writer is concerned, could easily have been dispensed with.

"(4) . . . the figures in the accounts relating to Road Haulage are *subject to such adjustments* as may prove necessary when the consideration payable for the assets acquired from the former undertakings has been finally ascertained." (The italics are ours, true, but that is not the point.) Adjustments indeed! And at this time of day! By what warrant is the judicial safeguard of the balance sheet set at naught? When, if not at the audit, are these clandestine transactions to be brought into the light of day? But there is worse to come.

"(5) The [very] title deeds relating to the majority of properties owned at the 31st December have not been examined. An examination of all deeds would not be practicable." What travesty of stewardship is here? Some of the deeds have been examined, but not others. Where have these vital documents been mislaid? Do they, in fact, exist? Is this not to say that the public goes about its lawful occasions believing itself the owner of vast installations up and down these islands to which, when the reckoning comes, it can show no title? Have the Commonwealth Governments been informed?

Turning to the accounts proper, it must in fairness be said that the Railway Executive in particular has had a successful year. Fifty stations and 176 miles of track have been closed, 341 locomotives have been put into service and 794 withdrawn, and the net gain in coaching

vehicles over the year has been minus 233. Various other tables show corresponding increases. Three more gasholder trucks have been brought into use, filling a notorious gap in the service, and the Western Region has increased its empty wagon mileage by two per cent. The target figure is not disclosed. One looks instinctively for a table giving the coefficient of ballast wagons per signal-box hour, but this has been omitted, no doubt on grounds of selection. Thirteen fewer horses (*pace the Manchester Guardian*) are now used for shunting; perhaps in next year's accounts this entry could be amplified for those who have never seen a horse shunt. It is also claimed that the seating capacity in sleeping cars has risen from 7,312 to 7,779, but this can mean only that more passengers per car-mile stayed awake, with a corresponding fall in bunkering.

The Docks and Inland Waterways Executive has had a busy, if less spectacular, year collecting wharf dues and paying £78,586 in rents and wayleaves (including, it is true, amortization of leaseholds). Surely this prodigal sum could be drastically pruned! If all these wayleaves are essential to the proper conduct of our canals, well and good, but the report lacks a comparative table of the number of wayleaves per head of bargemen under private enterprise and nationalization, expressed as a function of locks and quays. The figures would be very telling. Perhaps the Minister . . . ? In a time of acute tug shortage it is unfortunate (we go no farther) that the layout of the page should give the impression that the Executive is getting rid of tugs. Actually this is not so. It has merely seen the writing on the wall and withdrawn two tugs from canal traffic and one from docks in order to put them on to maintenance—a very far-sighted manoeuvre of which we shall feel the benefit in years to come.

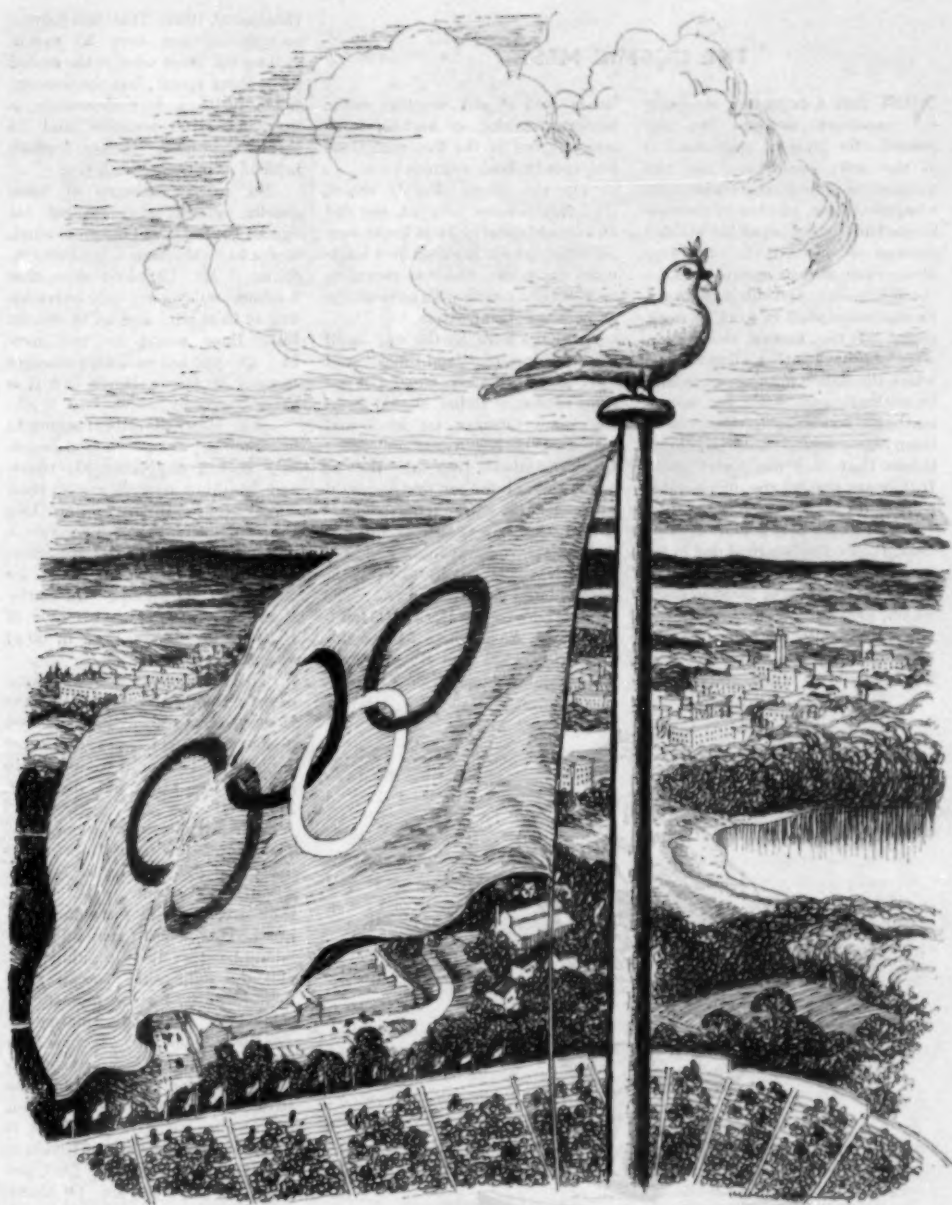
One is tempted to ask a few pertinent questions about road haulage. However, the whole question of road haulage is more or less *sub judice* and common charity demands that we should exempt it from the scope of this inquiry, leaving the reader with the vague impression that all is far from well.

OLYMPIAN ATTITUDE

I HOPE Finnish girls are dinky
(Or perhaps slant-eyed and slinky)
With complexions clear and pinky
(Due to ointments that are zincy).
I trust, too, when nights are inkly
That they read Wee Willie Winkie . . .
Otherwise The Games will be
Left unsung, I fear, by me.

M. B.

*Her Majesty's Stationery Office, June, 1952. 245 pp., 7/6



FARTHEST EAST

THE COSMIC MESS

NOW that a large new sea-going passenger steamer has appeared, the graceful greyhound is in the news again, and, for the moment, is almost respectable. By a happy chance, just before the new Ocean Greyhound began her maiden passage of the Atlantic, the Dog Derby was run, in record time, at the White City; and this column got its statistical staff to work at once. (Some of the figures that follow were obtained with a slide-rule, of which the slide is missing, some with logarithms, and some by honest mathematical slogging. Not one of them is guaranteed; but this column thinks that they are pretty good. If they are not, let the uncountable readers do their own sums.)

Well, the greyhound *Endless Gossip* (only English-bred dog in the race) defeated the Irish invaders, and ran 525 yards in 28.50 seconds, which, according to this column, is about 37.68 miles per hour. (In that 525 yards, by the way, the greyhound had to take four sharp

bends, and at any moment suffer bumping, boring, or balking from one or more of the five ambitious and speedy Irish animals.)

On the *Queen Mary's* record trip, this column believes, she did an average speed of 31.74 knots over 24 hours, which is about 36.4 land-miles per hour. She was steaming on a straight course with no tiresome corners—or competitors.

(What a bore, by the way, is all this business of "land-miles" and "sea-miles"! Surely, to men of the same nation, a "mile" should mean the same distance on land and water. Who began this nonsense? Queen Elizabeth, they say. But, as usual, this column can find no useful information in its reference books—except that the nautical mile is 2026 yards, which it knew.)

Now, what about the much-admired and cometed Horse? The record times for the Derby (1.5 land-miles) are 2 minutes, 34 seconds (*Hyperion*, 1933, and *Windsor Lad*, 1934), and 2 minutes, 33.8 seconds

(*Mahmoud*, 1936). That, this column reckons, is just over 35 m.p.h. It does not know what is the record for a short sprint: but the average for 5 furlongs, it understands, is just under 60 seconds, and 58 seconds has been "broken," which is 38.75 m.p.h. (or isn't it?)

So, in the absence of hare, gazelle, giraffe, or scalded-cat figures, the horse, not the greyhound, seems to be the fastest land-mover. (Even if Mr. Bannister does that 4-minute-mile he will only be travelling at 15 m.p.h.: and an 18-minute Boat Race would be just over 14.) No one has called a passenger steamer an Ocean Horse, but it is hard to see why not.

But, then, the Horse seems to be slipping. The greyhound is getting better, improving his times, and breaking records every year. Twenty-four years ago the Dog Derby was won in 30.48 seconds, a mere 35.23 m.p.h., and the greyhound is extending his range: he now runs "Marathons." On Derby Night this column saw a race of 1025 yards. It was won in 60.47 seconds, at 34.67 m.p.h.

Men runners are breaking records frequently, too. But the Horse Derby record has not been broken for sixteen years: and these animals still go on complacently running the same old distances. Well, well...

But let us return to our dogs. The steamship *United States* has upset things: for she has crossed the Atlantic at 35.59 knots, which, they say, is about forty-one land-miles. That is faster than any greyhound has travelled (in public) yet: and the expression "ocean greyhound" must, for the moment, be classed as technically inaccurate. For the moment only. If these little fellows maintain their present rate of improvement they should come back to ocean standards fairly soon. Meanwhile, we shall just have to describe passenger steam-vessels as passenger steam-vessels. Dull, perhaps, but there you are. Of course, if you like, you may describe greyhounds as "land-liners."

* * * * *
The result of the Greyhound Derby was briefly and austere



"O O O !"



"Thanks for PC. No, Bruce isn't moping—Jane ... Thanks for PC. Yes, we remembered Kiki's water—Jane ... Thanks for PC. Ming returns kiss—Jane ... Thanks for PC."

reported in *The Times*, but not in other high and mighty papers, for which greyhound racing does not yet exist. This is odd. The racing greyhound is a beautiful, highly-bred, and well-trained animal. Flying over hurdles—and indeed running on the flat, or simply walking round the course, led by a lady, or a gentleman in a white coat and a bowler hat—he is a wonder and a delight. There were fifty thousand people, or more, at the White City on Derby Night. The Musical March of the Royal Marines (which precedes the Derby), done under a strange but effective greeny top-lighting, is one of the finest sights of the London year, and moves a mighty audience as much as anything in the Royal Tournament. Most of those who are there, no doubt, do a little betting; but they enjoy, as well as any horse-fan, the spectacle of beauty and breeding, and the clash of skill and courage and chance. Apart from betting,

they liked to see the English dog beat all the Irish fellows; they knew that both *Endless Gossip's* parents were "Derby-winners" too, and noted the point with as much pride and importance as any Ascot pundit would. Anyhow, with great respect, it is not easy to see why any of the high and mighty papers should turn up their great noses at the little greyhound on the ground that he is the cause of betting. For nearly all of them, every day, predict and record the results of potty little horse-races in every corner of the kingdom; and most of them descend to degrading details concerning "odds." The thing is a mystery: but, no doubt, it is no concern of this modest column's.

There was a rare event the other night. The electric hare fell off its "carriage" not many yards before the finish of a race. The leading dog (an outsider which this column had cleverly backed) was crossing

the line, and another dog was not far behind. But "NO RACE" was rightly declared: for the other dogs broke off and attacked the fallen hare. Here is an interesting bit of dog-psychology. Many people say that the Hare is a mere piece of showmanship, that the dogs race for the fun of the thing, and, after dozens of disappointing chases, could not be expected to give serious attention to the artificial quarry. This episode showed that they do. It does not, perhaps, say much for the famous "instinct of animals"—but you can't have everything.

A. P. H.

"He was moving an Opposition amendment to reject the Civil List Bill, which provides £475,000 a year for the monarchy. The Opposition objection was mainly that it fixes the sum for the Queen's entire reign instead of providing for a periodic parliamentary review."

Daily Express

But that is provided for.

LEAGUE CRICKET

BILLS insinuated on to Slagworth boardings brought the first sign, and the season was afoot. The President wanted two thousand deputies. It was not the throttle, the crocus or a shy benevolent day; it wasn't the rush on the dry-cleaners that first heralded spring; it was those bills. "Vice-President's Tickets One Guinea—Ordinary Member's 10s. 6d.," they announced. Talk about enterprise—the committee has it. It needs it. You can't bring men like Lindwall, Mankad and Worrell into Saturday-afternoon cricket without enterprise.

The message registered even if you did not propose buying a ticket immediately. It registered if you were only a casual shopper and paid at the gate. The sap stirred and cricket addicts gathered the game's literature and dumped it all in the attic until next winter. A few strolled up to the ground. There was no nonsense about peeping through a hole in the fence; you had been a vice-president for twenty-five years and felt you had a share in the club. You pushed at the gate, and, if it happened to be locked, messed about until you got inside somehow. You stepped on the turf. Two occupied it then, and you and a wild goose on the pavilion side, probably from the Arctic. You wandered to the pitch. The bird shook itself but did not rise. You poked a finger in the turf and meditated. Coming away you groped beneath two overcoats for a chlorodyne gum and decided that it would be Joe's wicket this season.

The season is well advanced now. But you meditate yet. Apart from the usual expenses incurred by any cricket club, the committee has to find £1,000 for the professional's salary. That is a high price, but there are one or two higher, and of

course many a lot less. It is according to the League a club is in. Only two pay fancy prices. In any case, this is a time for retrospection—a time to recall some of the thirty-runs-an-hour innings you have seen this season, and of batsmen you have watched who presumably think a bat is a magnet and the ball should stick to it. You feel old enough to remember the advent of professionals into the League.

The type were often old County pros, squeezing the last drops from their talent. They were mostly round men with grey hair showing from beneath famous old caps, and flannels a shade creamier than the rest. Beside playing and coaching they frequently looked after the ground. Indeed, some were better as coaches and groundsmen, for their play only glinted now and then. But no matter how badly they failed they had the presence; it was a sort of looseness of bearing, and when the ball was thrown to them it went into their hands like an egg into a cup. Sixty shillings a week some of them drew, and they coached every night. Quite a few England players would have gone through life as cotton hands or pitmen but for their tuition. After the purple of twilight bloom had wreathed the nets they drank free beer. Free in the money sense anyway. They paid in kind as they reminisced, for this was the golden age when Ranji, Hirst and Tyldesley were going. And League teams then were better balanced; there were occasions when amateurs headed the batting and bowling analyses.

But the fashion turned to comet-heads. The chief supply was from



Australia, India and the West Indies. Such players had to live here, and it was strange, in a small cotton town, watching a tall Victorian or Queenslander straighten his bit of front garden, and occasionally his back as he broke off to chat with his neighbours—a weaver on one side and a dyer on the other; or to enter the corner shop and see a world-famed cricketer patiently waiting his turn while the proprietress scrutinized the cards of small circular boxes in search of the blood-and-stomach pills. The West Indians were particularly genial. An impression remains of walking

seventy any innings and taking a hundred wickets in a season! May they not go as long as a month without batting or bowling? And is this wise? Well, you pay your shilling or one-and-ninepence and take your choice.

Probably the most controversial aspect of League cricket is the taking of collections for both amateurs and professionals. Well, the nearer you are to it the less you think of it. So old is the practice



down the street and seeing the doyen of the old-age pensioners leave the group taking the morning at the corner of the market place, to accost a coloured Test Match player and illustrate to him in dumb play how he went that little bit wrong on the previous Saturday afternoon; and of hearing the cricketer thank the old man and promise that he would retain the advice for future guidance; and of watching the counsellor return to the group looking mighty proud and convinced that he had done his good turn for the day. This was between the wars. But even then a number of amateurs held their own.

Nowadays it is true to say that the teams are more lopsided, in one or two Leagues at any rate. Whether this is an improvement depends on the spectator's point of view. On the one hand he has a chance to see two top-grade professionals give displays of batting or bowling sometimes not equalled in County games. This on his own doorstep. Champions of this view insist that the amateurs benefit from their contact with class. The other camp asks what chance have younger players in a side employing an all-rounder capable of making

that many clubs have wooden boxes of polished wood, and the players collecting for a colleague resemble sidesmen, except for the aplomb. It is said that collecting started in the early days when the north of England was a hot-bed of sport organized for betting purposes; running, jumping, bowling, wrestling—and big money on such chances as which of ten feathers would blow out of a drawn circle last, winner take all! A game without betting drew suspicion that the participants were trying to rise above their station, and the money element was introduced to dilute the alander. The statement is not fantastic, as witness the young man touched on by Edwin Waugh, the old dialect poet:

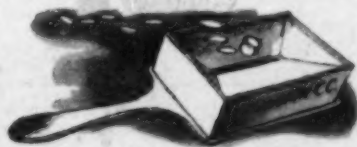
*He's gettin' in with t' quality,
And when his clerkin' 's done,
He's allus either cricketin'
Or shootin' wi' a gun.*

So how it be, collecting is ingrained and presumably will stay. The qualifications differ among the Leagues; in ours they are the scoring of fifty runs or over, a hat trick, all ten wickets, or a minimum of five wickets for no more than eight runs each in the case of an amateur and

six runs each for a professional. There is little doubt that a player who insisted could retain all his prize-money; but invariably there is an agreement that a percentage is put aside for such functions as the players' annual outing and the club dinner.

So here we are again, part-way through another season. Travelling to grounds on top of the moorland, deep in the valley alongside the beck, amid pasture and cornland or jammed between masonry composed of spinning-mills, dyehouses, size-holes and rows of small, soot-grimed houses; carrying bags full of sandwiches, meat pies, Cornish pasties, home-made cake and vacuum flasks. We reckon our entrance money includes the right to criticize audibly. There is never any danger of a dull batsman's being unaware of his foible. A side going all out for a win secures ample encouragement. We reckon that is as it should be. The players might think the clock had stopped if we refrained.

CHARLES GREAVES



SINISTER AFFAIR AT EUSTON

SOME people have travel sense and some haven't. I haven't. But at least I've realized it after all these years; the days are past when I would leave a bag in the luggage office at King's Cross and raise Cain half an hour later because they couldn't find it when I presented the ticket at St. Pancras. Nowadays I lay my travel plans pretty carefully. That was why I found it so baffling at Euston last Tuesday when my hat, coat, suitcase, portable typewriter and reserved seat disappeared; and with them, the small, dark Wing Commander and the two elderly ladies who had promised to watch the things while I went for a paper.

I had arrived early. It is a part of my plan at these times. I like to be able to ask no fewer than four officials where to find my train; to walk its length once or twice to make sure that I shall know it again; and to go the round of the barriers, inquiry counters and information boards getting plenty of cross-checks on its departure time. Arriving early occasionally defeats its own object, as when, for example, I catch the train which leaves from the same platform as mine but forty minutes before; this has twice landed me unexpectedly at Snow Hill, Birmingham, but, on balance, there is much to be said for having a few minutes in hand. For one thing, it enables me to stake a claim to my reserved seat, put my possessions on the rack, and go for

a paper, humming a carefree snatch, in the assurance that my immediate troubles are over.

Of course, there is the subject of landmarks. A reserved seat is no good unless you can find it again. Now, I admit readily that I have made bad mistakes over landmarks in the past, from the early days when I thought it enough to leave the compartment door open with the blind down—a state of affairs sadly subject to change—to comparatively recent times when I noted that the compartment was opposite a trolleyful of fish, a motorcycle swathed in corrugated cardboard, or some other dangerously inconstant object. Nowadays, well into my enlightened period, I navigate by something as reliable as the mariner's night sky—namely, the advertisement posters along the platform walls. An infallible navigational fix can be gained by standing with your back to the compartment door and simply memorizing the poster opposite. Though personally I am not content, even with that; I write it down.

So, before I left the two elderly ladies and the small, dark Wing Commander on this fateful Euston Tuesday, I noted down with care, on the back of an envelope: "My Corns Were Killing Me. Now I've killed them—with KLEORN!" It was exactly opposite the door. Nothing could have been more opposite. Humming a snatch, I went for my paper.

I was still humming it when I got back ten minutes later and dropped snugly into my corner. "Thank you very much indeed," I said expansively to the trio of watch-dogs, and opened my paper with a confident crackle.

"I beg your pardon!"

The speaker was a man of the income-tax inspector type, sitting facing another out of the same mould; the pair of them were occupying the seats of the two elderly ladies. Of the small, dark Wing Commander no trace remained but a cigarette-end and a slight dent in

the upholstery. I looked at the rack above my head. It was empty.

My first impulse was to pull the communication-cord. Uncertain of the effect of this, however, in a stationary train, I hesitated. Then I saw that the possibility of an error on my part must not be ruled out. "Excuse me," I said, and the men drew back their feet fastidiously as I passed between them to look out of the corridor window, one of them remarking loudly, "Naturally, in the circumstances it wasn't possible to sign a clean balance-sheet for either company." The other said "Oh, I entirely concur."

"My Corns Were Killing Me," I said. There was the poster, bang opposite, its message tallying precisely with my envelope.

"I beg your pardon?"

"Never mind," I said.

Where were the two elderly ladies, the small, dark Wing Commander, my hat and coat, suitcase and portable typewriter? The two Inland Revenue officials were eyeing me narrowly, and when I looked at their soft hands and hard collars a thought struck me. Could it be that, distrustful of these newcomers and vigilant in my interests, the three had moved farther up the train, taking my property with them?

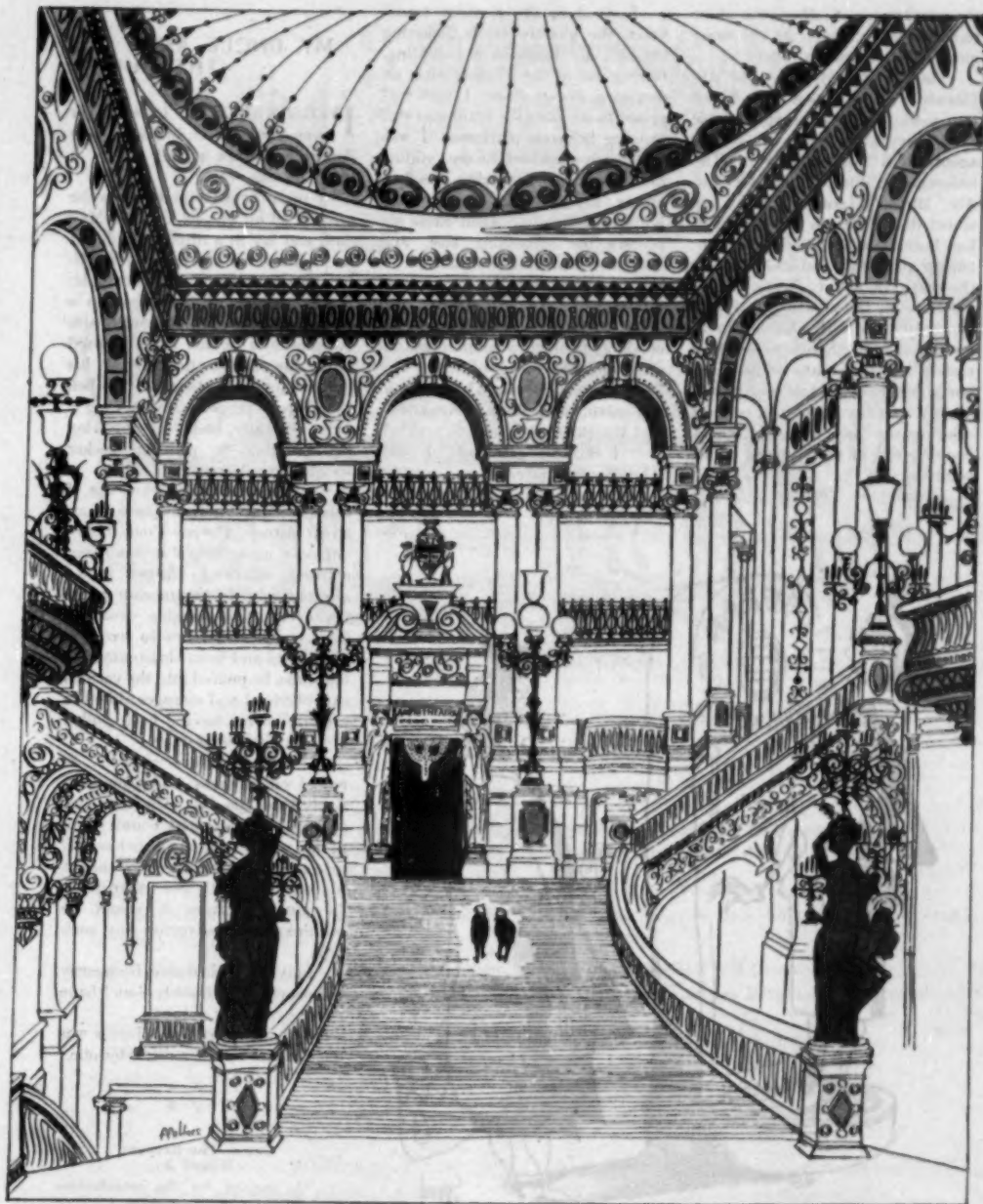
"Did they take them?" I demanded wildly. The train must by this time be on the point of departure.

"I beg your pardon!"

"My things . . ." I said. "Two ladies and an Air Force officer."

They exchanged glances, pursing their lips, then affected to interest themselves in the outdated views of Liverpool ornamenting the compartment at eye level. They said nothing, however, and in my mind a horrible black pit yawned suddenly. Was I——? No, no! Not that! A whistle blew. I threw another glance across the platform. "Now I've killed them," I muttered, and was about to leap out and go for





"In its day it was probably thought quite impressive."

the stationmaster when the door slammed in my face. At the same moment we began to move.

Then, and only then, the explanation flashed upon me. These two men, disguised as respectable Civil Servants, were in reality agents of a Foreign Power. The unfortunate Wing Commander, an Air Ministry courier with top secret documents in every pocket, had been brutally done away with; cut up, probably, and stuffed under the seat; the elderly ladies, chance witnesses of the atrocity, had been similarly dealt with. I don't know how much room there is under those seats. My hat, coat, suitcase and portable typewriter had been hastily handed out to some confederate, clearing the way for the impending disposal of their owner on his return.

I stood in the corridor transfixed, the ghastly truth flickering through my brain in a twinkling. Gazing out of the window with, no doubt, a glassy stare, I was surprised to see that the train was still running between platforms. I was still more surprised to see, gliding into view with gathering speed, a poster saying "My Corns Were Killing Me" . . . then came six posters for something else, and "My Corns Were Killing Me" . . . then six more, and "My Corns Were Killing Me" . . .

I lurched blindly along the corridor, through a communicating door, along the next coach.

"We thought you'd had it," said the small, dark Wing Commander, and the elderly ladies both nodded.

"I thought you had," I said, "just for a minute."

J. B. BOOTHROYD



"Why, it's Gilbert Harding!"

MY UNCLE AND THE DUKE

PERSONALLY, I have never even met a duke; but my Uncle James was once pulled out of a ditch by one.

I often heard him tell how he pitched off his bicycle, one wet May day, and lay in a ditch. No doubt he would have extricated himself, but he was not put to the trouble. A vigorous, ruddy gentleman in a grey knickerbocker suit hauled him out, set him on his feet, inquired after his limbs, picked up his bicycle for him, twisted the bell round to its proper position, rang it twice critically, bade him good day and, calling a panting cocker spaniel, strode on.

A modest incident—but not, I think, without its significance in our social history. For my Uncle James not only never forgot it but never allowed others to forget it or, alternatively, to be ignorant of it. On every inconceivable occasion, from snooker matches to wedding breakfasts and from christenings to hair-cuts, he poured into the various ears of friend and stranger alike the account of his having been pulled out of a ditch by a duke.

I find it rather pleasant to reflect on progress made unobtrusively since his day. Uncle James, decent side-whiskered countryman as he was, could nevertheless fall into almost amusing snobbery about his sole link with the aristocracy. In my generation it would be unthinkable to advertise any such link.

I myself, for instance, frequently tell people quite frankly that I have never even met a duke . . .

Although my Uncle James was once pulled out of a ditch by one.

Eve v. The Serpent Round 2

"A demand for the introduction of locknit machines to make women's stockings spider-proof, was agreed upon by the Congress of the Women's Co-operative Guild, at Scarborough to-day."

Bristol Evening World



"Of course, if it gets very crowded, I deal with the minor ailments before the sweet."

BAUDELAIRE AT LORD'S

Mr. Campbell Dixon, in the "Daily Telegraph," suggests that the clock at Lord's should bear Baudelaire's inscription "It's later than you think."

THE leering dial abets the hours' decay;
The wickets stand, like headstones, either end.
Pale bats, with weeping willow, tryst essay,
Meet but to part, and turn, vain breath to spend.

A shrouded ghoul broods as the ball takes flight:
The sign of doom to raise aloft he gloats,
Responsive to the howl of lust and spite
That finds an echo from ten thousand throats.

The victim limps away, patella bruised,
To that red mausoleum where, sad-eyed,
His predecessors—*pauvres morts*—suffused
With rankling shame in futile shadow bide.

Heir to his grief, another at the Styx
(While vampires, grouped to snatch him, cluster
round)
Confronts the fatal bolt that cruelly tricks
The still-born hopes of those within the Mound.

Thus one by one, in long funereal train,
Phantasmagorically they come and go.
The final partnership is joined in vain,
To earn but mockery by an overthrow.

O utmost hour, thou canst not strike too soon!
Kind dark, descend; annihilation, fall!
The clepsydra has bled away our noon;
Time writes a cretinous zero for us all.

ART—& Mr. Claggett

IT was Wednesday, early-closing, and I must have been waiting for my wife or something. I was wearing my half-brother's trousers, the ones he got when he was demobilized. They were too big for him; so they were more than too big for me. They were so big anyone could have come up to me and poured a bucket of water in at the waist-line, the way clowns do in circuses. Lazenby Hackenstraw, my half-brother, is an aggressive, short-tempered man.

I was looking in the windows of Claggett's, the big department-store, being interested in display on account of the Hackenstraw Advertising Agency which I run with the help of my secretary, Miss Podmarsh. One of the windows was being dressed by a long thin man wearing green corduroy trousers. From what I could see, the previous display had been a sporting set-up, probably tennis or boating, involving a lot of people of different races, creeds, colours, ages, and perhaps species. The man had removed their heads, which were lying in a washing basket, smiling at each other. The bodies just stood about awkwardly, holding the pose.

The next set-up was going to be a modernistic affair. I could tell this by the roll of wire-netting and the pieces of neurotic furniture which the man was bringing in. What Picasso thought the day before yesterday, Claggett's will be showing in their window to-morrow and Miss Podmarsh will be thinking she's thought up for herself the week after next. Advertising is a classy business but not above learning from Art.

Anyway, I was watching this man, and before very soon I got to helping him. You could see he was a fairly unskilled operator by the way he kept getting things symmetrical, and I was having a job to get him to shift the things into one of the corners. We did all right with sign language for a bit, but I was working up a nice little tableau

around the washing-basket and he couldn't see what I was driving at, so we started shouting. I can shout pretty loud, and it was interesting to hear the muffled boom of his voice circulating round Claggett's empty two departments, and bits of it squeezing out through the ventilators I was standing on. Then a charwoman made an entrance up left between an avenue of aluminium trees. She was wearing a brown straw hat trimmed with Claggett's everlasting egg plums, and the way she clashed with the purple motif we'd been developing was highly stimulating. I shouted out to her to hold it, and she put down her bucket and shook her fist at me.

It was about this point that I first noticed the crowd that had gathered behind me, and several policemen trying to push their way to the front. So I allowed myself to fade into this crowd. I made way for the policemen and wandered off down the side-road, trying to think where I was meeting my wife, but still occupied in my mind with the display. I knew it had the makings of something big.

Then I saw a door marked STAFF ONLY and I found myself inside



Claggett's mighty emporium. I could hear voices to the south, and soon I was running down the aisles of dust-covered shapes. And there I was, making an entrance on the prompt side between a lop-sided piano and a headless woman (WX, and standing on one centrally placed leg). Outside was a sea of faces with holes in them where their mouths were hanging open. Someone nudged a policeman and I took off my jacket, so that I would look like the man's assistant and be able to work fast.

The first thing I did was to put the charwoman back under the aluminium trees, exchanging her mop for a lacrosse-stick strung with tartan nylon. I tried putting one of the heads under her arm, but it looked exaggerated. These things have got to look effortless. We didn't speak. I was fixing a piece of music in the hands of the headless woman by the piano, and trying at the same time to shine a floodlamp on the charwoman to get a profile effect on her nose. Then someone started banging on the window and I looked round. It was my wife and my half-brother, Lazenby.

"I'll have to go," I said to the man.

He just looked at me. He had very small eyes, one brown and one blue. He put down the three-legged table with the hole in it, and I waved to my wife to show I was coming. The man looked out at my wife and then round at the set-up, and his face went a dull mauve colour. Then he picked up the charwoman's bucket and got hold of the spare trouser round my waist.

Anyone who's been to the circus can fill in the rest. Everybody was very angry, especially my wife and Lazenby; everybody except Mr. J. Claggett, who was on the 'phone to Miss Podmarsh next morning, offering me a contract to appear twice daily during the rush hours.

5 5
"GOOD QUADS
ARE FOUR"

Illustrated

Accept nothing less.



AT THE CROSS-ROADS

A LOOF, impartial 'mid the roll
Of traffic's tympani and horn,
High on his rostrum in control—
The constable conducts each morn.

His hand arrests the eager strings,
Quells tinkling bell and sounding brass;
A look the *rallentando* brings,
A nod—and all, *stringendo*, pass.

Who rests, who leads, his thoughts decide.
By him the tone and tempo set—
The break (unacored) that will provide
A passage for the bassinette.

O Sargent! of the rank P.C.,
O Boul! from out the men in blue,
Some brighter beat (it seems to me),
Some better baton's due to you.

MARK BEVAN



SEA FEVER

THE agent stood right by the magnolia tree, pointed at a gap between the oak and the beech and said "On a clear day you can see the sea from here." Those were his very words and they clinched the deal.

Four years have passed since we acquired the house, the garden and the view, and we still don't know whether we have seen the sea or not. Opinions are divided. Charming and well-mannered guests have peered across the Weald from the magnolia tree and have agreed with our suggestion that what we describe as that phosphorescent patch just above the dark bit in the landscape—to the left of the thing that could be a factory chimney—is indeed the English Channel. "Oh yes," they say, looking along our rigid index fingers, "that *must* be the sea! How perfectly marvellous! Fancy being able to see the sea!" But we are not absolutely certain.

After about a month of residence, eye-strain and uncertainty we decided to canvass local opinion. The gardener at the Wimpole's said that the sea was visible only at dawn after rain in the autumn. Mrs. Hesketh said that she had never actually seen the Channel with her own eyes, but that her nephew, Richard, had once photographed it accidentally in the background to a family group. The postman said it was a wonder he could see the pillar box never mind the sea after all these years of trying to read some people's writing he could mention. The sanitary inspector said he preferred Weymouth to Littlehampton any day, and the German barmaid at the "Four Horseshoes" said she didn't think it was any of her business.

In 1950 we felled the oak to broaden the vista, and set up a telescope under the magnolia tree.

In 1951, on the assumption that if the sea could be seen from the house the house should be visible from the sea, we painted the gable a dazzling white and went down to the coast. From the beach we could see nothing but the Downs: from the extreme limit of territorial waters (in a motor boat) we could see nothing but sea.

This year we have decided to get rid of the house, the garden and the view, and we don't quite know how to word the blurb in the agent's notices. "View of sea" would be mendacious. Even "View affords occasional glimpses of sea"—the agent's suggestion—would make us feel uncomfortable.

You see, we don't want to leave the village, and we doubt whether we can find a cottage that affords no view of the house with the white gable and the garden with the magnolia tree and the telescope.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



"Now, you're all sure you haven't forgotten anything?"



BASEBALL is never played *softly*. When pleased, its followers make pandemonium. Their displeasure is just as noisy, and no feckless matador in Madrid will be loathed more loudly than a slow-witted shortstop. Thereafter, thought of an umpire, a type seldom given to modification of a decision once pronounced, is enough to put players and crowd in a howling rage. If anyone in the game is seen to be at all sensitive about being shouted at, the hubbub will be stepped up accordingly. The great Ted Williams of the Boston Red Sox, now recalled to service in the Marines, was the most formidable hitter of recent years. In a lineup of sluggers, he was still in a class by himself, yet thousands in the Boston crowd would boo Williams every time he came to bat. The reason: Williams never would defer to the crowd's insistence that he touch his cap after hitting a home run and circling the bases.

In addition to crowd noises, the team in the field is talking it up, heckling the batter, or exhorting its own pitcher, and from the players' bench in each dugout comes an equal volume of uproar. One third-base coach or his opposite number behind first base manages to sound, when in voice, like a sizeable crowd all by himself. A base runner, at the same time, may be hooting at the pitcher and shuttling about dementedly in the hope of a wild throw.

This boisterous quality of the game may give a stranger the impression that almost anything goes

in baseball. It all sounds very rough and easygoing, but one thing was plainly demonstrated this year: Neither the crowd nor the players will stand for any horseplay in the game itself. The Red Sox had brought up from the minors a talented young rookie outfielder, Jim Piersall, who at once began to show ability not only as a ball player but as a comedian. In the field, he would wait until the last instant before starting his run for a fly ball; he would then make a spectacular one-hand catch, just as most of the crowd were deciding he couldn't do it; and he would tip his cap, simultaneously, to the bleachers and turn on a mock smile of self-esteem. As a base runner, he mimicked the windup and other mannerisms of the pitcher, nor were those antics, at times, without their effect on the game: pitchers blew up. Piersall was adept, also, at burlesquing the playing style of his own team-mates, who in turn began clowning on their own account. It was all very jolly.

The television audience was enchanted by Piersall. His umpire-baiting became noteworthy. The sports columns were full of his doings. It began to look as if a good enough comedian, especially if he could hit around .280 as Piersall was doing, might be a real box-office attraction. But trouble came to Piersall in a hurry. An umpire fined him for "fraternizing" with opposing players, and a day or two later he was shipped back to the minors. The news shocked those who had enjoyed Piersall's antics—and his hitting—but it suddenly became apparent that Piersall had been living on borrowed time in major league baseball. His team-mates were just as fed up with him as the other players were. In the bush leagues once again, playing for Birmingham, Piersall was ejected from a game in the fifth inning for disputing a called third strike. He hurried through the showers, dressed and went up to the

broadcasting booth, where he gave the play-by-play report of the eighth and ninth innings over the local radio station. Whether Birmingham will take to baseball in the comic vein remains to be seen, but the odds are against it.

The experts have long asserted that the leading team in each major league on July 4 is the probable pennant winner in late September. The current season in the National League seems to fit comfortably with that theory. The Brooklyn Dodgers, on top, were leading the New York Giants by only a nominal margin, but both were so far ahead of the third place Chicago Cubs that one or the other seemed a sure winner. It is doubtful that even money could be found in any quantity to the contrary.

In the American League, the New York Yankees were solidly in front, but the next four clubs were in a virtual tie for second place. Any one of the first five teams in the American League could make it, but the Yankees have always been great money players, with late-season power to spare. It seemed likely that one, if not both, contestants in the World's Series this fall would be New Yorkers (if the borough of Brooklyn will permit its ball players to be thus lumped with their detested rivals in Manhattan).

The absence of outstanding personalities in the current season was apparent in the annual "All Star" Game, which was played at Philadelphia, July 8. The best players in each league are selected, by newspaper polls, for this occasion, and almost the only 1952 participant to qualify in the classic dimension was Stan Musial, of the National League's St. Louis Cardinals. There were many less known players in both lineups. As one fan put it, sighing for the great names of yesteryear, "There's an awful lot of 'who's-he's in that game this year.'"

The "custom" model of any American automobile is, of course, the most completely



standardized, mass-production model of them all. Identical with millions of others, the custom model is the lowliest, the cheapest, and the most meagerly equipped. If one takes the dictionary definition, "made to order," in the narrowest sense, Detroit is undoubtedly correct: those cars have indeed been made, and their owners have presumably ordered them. Time was when a custom body implied an Edwardian inventiveness—the cane panel on the doors, discreet hand striping, perhaps patent-leather mudguards—but custom means strictly run-of-the-mill in the language of Detroit.

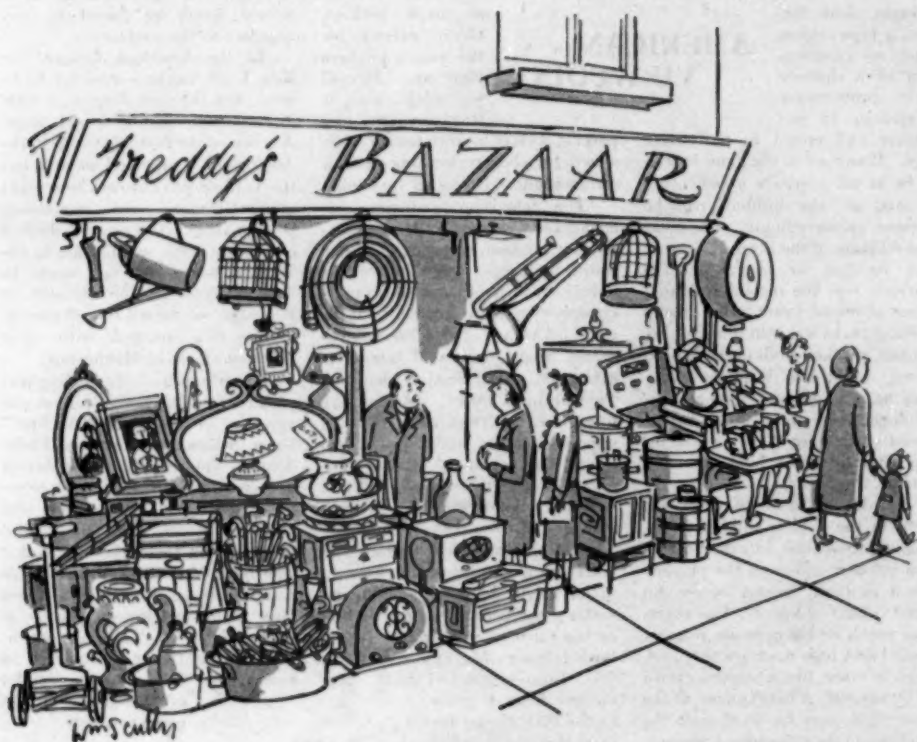
Just above custom, by virtue of

an upholstery option or two and a bit of additional bright work, is the "de luxe" model, and until recently these two words—custom and de luxe—have seemed to suffice. Three-fourths of us were riding in custom models, and the rest in custom-de-luxe. But in a world where all cars are at least custom, some nobler vista must open, and a manufacturer now comes forward with two new words that really fire the imagination. The first—a cut above "de luxe"—is "regal." A four-door sedan in the "regal" version costs \$84.18 more than the de luxe and \$176.06 more than the miserable custom model. The other new word

at the top of the list, is "state," which one supposes connotes a vehicle suitable for royal use on a highly ceremonial occasion, a veritable fairy coach. But to ask the dealer to explain the difference between "state" and "regal" is to return quickly to realities. "State has more trim," the dealer explains briskly. "Get it! More trim."

Further questions disclose that "trim" means sun visors, ash trays and arm-rests, while the main difference between one who rides in "state" and the occupant of the humble custom model is that the former is sitting on nylon upholstery instead of mohair.

CHARLES W. MORTON



"I'm afraid there's nothing inside."

Endorsement

"As a film-star, Miss la Fleur, to whom a perfect skin is essential, you are thrilled with our Yunganlully Crème, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"You are excited to find, at last, a cream that cleanses as it nourishes, nourishes as it cleanses, wouldn't you say?"

"Yes."

"After a hard day's work at the studio, under strong lights, you know your skin needs a beauty care that really works, don't you?"

"Yes."

"So you come home, ready for an early night, because you are unsophisticated and dislike night-clubs and believe in lots of sleep, isn't that so?"

"Yes."

"When you are ready to begin your beauty treatment, you first of all don a gay cap to keep your hair right away from your face, don't you?"

"Yes."

"While Poochie, your little dog, watches you with a cute look in his eyes, doesn't he?"

"Yes."

"He's saying to himself: 'I wonder what my mistress is going to do now!' isn't he?"

"Yes."

"Then you generously apply Yunganlully, patting it in gently, not forgetting your neck, patting away, pat, pat, pat. You can feel it beginning to work, can't you?"

"Yes."

"Then you leave it for a few minutes to penetrate right through to the lower skin which Yunganlully manufacturers have discovered, is that right?"

"Yes."

"The Crème gets busy at once, dissolving dust and your old make-up, and then it is ready to be removed with cotton wool, isn't that right?"

"Yes."

"And then—this is the secret—then you add a further application of Yunganlully, not patting this time, but smoothing it right through the



"Quiet, quiet. Four thousand, eight hundred and forty-two pounds, nine and twopence, five thousand nine hundred . . ."

lower skin to the sub-skin, another discovery of Yunganlully world-famous scientists, don't you?"

"Yes."

"You urge it in, ever so gently, with slow circular movements anti-clockwise, for about ten minutes, don't you?"

"Yes."

"And while you are asleep, YUNGANLULLY CRÈME WORKS FOR YOU, doesn't it?"

"Yes."

"Good. It's very kind of you, Miss la Fleur. I think that gives me enough to work on. I'll send

you a Presentation Jar of the Crème, of course."

"Thank you."

"See what you think of it."

"Yes."

MARJORIE RIDDELL

2 2

"An audience drawn up on the steps of St. Paul's will see twelve torch-bearers, members of the Surrey Community Players, perform the Creation and the Fall of Lucifer from a home-drawn platform as high as a No. 11 bus."—*Evening News*

That was only a rehearsal for the real one.



At the Pictures

Something Money Can't Buy—*Il Cammino della Speranza*

THE effect of *Something Money Can't Buy* (Director: PAT JACKSON) is of a script-writer thinking aloud. "Well, suppose we have a chap, a clerk or something, who does rather well in the war"—and there he is, ANTHONY STEEL, a captain in the 7th Armoured Division with an M.C. and two rows of campaign medals that he's managed to acquire before they became a general issue. (Does no one check detail in this studio? One of his

adventures . . . And so it maunders on, not badly directed, tolerably acted, but absolutely without significance, a studio doodle. The problem of the little man, pitchforked into importance by the war and unable to readjust himself, is, or anyway was once, an important one, and a useful film might have been made of it. But this counterfeit storm in a Brummagem tea-urn proves nothing: except perhaps how much more personable Mr. STEEL is than most of his kind.

This falsity is all too clearly emphasized by contrast with an Italian treatment of a similar problem, *Il Cammino della Speranza*, or "The Road to Hope" (Director: PIETRO GERMI), deals with a group of Sicilian miners seeking a new start in France. When their sulphur-mine closes, the men, after an unsuccessful stay-down strike, are easily bamboozled by a specious scoundrel who undertakes to smuggle them over the border at twenty thousand lire a head. They sell all they have and set off with their wives and children. Their guide deserts them; there is an affray with the police and they are ordered back to Capodarso where they came from. But in Capodarso are only hunger and want; they decide to defy the police and carry on. A farmer in northern Italy offers them work on the harvest; it turns out that he is using them as strike-breakers, and the local workers hound them away. Some of them are so discouraged that they decide to return to Sicily; but still an indomitable party continues, and at last makes its way across the snow-swept mountains of the frontier. From the first impressive shots at the mine-head, this film lives and burns with conviction. Instead of being stock characters, the people in it are actual and important, their problem not theirs alone but universal. Even the occasional venture into melodrama—the knife-duel on the frontier, for

instance, which clinches a romantic sub-plot less tiresome than some—does not ring false; the Sicilians, after all, are known to be a melodramatic people. Only the final sequences, with the commentator's harangue about frontiers and the dubious moral note set by the behaviour of the Alpine guards, not to mention their optimistic lack of concern about the ways of the French trades unions, are out of key. (Some restraint in the use of shots where a man and a woman gaze wordlessly into each other's eyes would have been an improvement, too.) Among the film's minor delights is the haunting eponymous *canzonetta* that serves as a theme-song.

Survey
(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

If you think "'Was it Dior?'" 'No, quite inexpensive'" is funny, you will like *Castle in the Air*, the screen version of Alan Melville's play. *Brandy for the Parson*, a well-contrived British adventure, is among the releases, and so is *The Quiet Man* (18/6/52), a pseudo-Irish sentiment-bath with an obstinate charm.

B. A. YOUNG

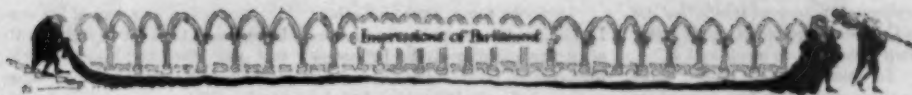


(*Something Money Can't Buy*
Lord Haverstock—A. E. MATTHEWS

brother-officers has his Divisional "rats" on back-to-front.) "Then he gets into Mil. Gov. or something"—and he is a major, a Town Major actually, with a wife (PATRICIA ROC), a family, a spacious house and a German maid—"so when he comes back to civvy life he finds it rather a come-down"—the squalid Pimlico flat, the power-cuts, the monotonous dead-end job. Then one day he breaks loose and goes into, into . . . Mm. Wait, listen! Suppose he meets a rich eccentric (and up pops A. E. MATTHEWS as a property peer) who takes a fancy to him and gives him a start running a—a—I know, a mobile restaurant. That will give a chance for a few "picaresque"



(*Il Cammino della Speranza*
Sapo—RAF VALLONE



Monday, July 14

There was a distinctly "holiday" atmosphere about the House of Commons to-day, and the business accorded closely with it. The talk was all of access to the countryside and of visits to museums and art galleries.

The Government's decision to enforce economies which had meant the closing down (partly or completely) of a number of museums and art galleries has been the subject of much criticism from both sides of the House, and the Government has been urged, in many a Question-hour, to think again about an economy with such widespread, unwelcome and apparently unexpected results. Mr. JOHN BOYD-CARPENTER, the Financial Secretary to the Treasury, who takes care of such matters for the Government, wore his most non-committal expression (which is very non-committal indeed) when he took his place on the Treasury Bench. The critics looked as closely at his face as any visitor to a museum or art gallery ever scanned an exhibit there, and "interpretations" of his expression were, no doubt, as varied.

Mr. WOODROW WYATT, moving to the Opposition Front Bench for the occasion, put the case for the abandonment of an economy which saved a mere £30,000 a year. He produced an astonishing catalogue of facts in support of his claim that it really wasn't worth it—the number of doors that had to be opened and closed, and so on. One thing the Government seemed to have overlooked, he said, was that many of the museums and art galleries had grown since pre-war days, and that any cut in staffs therefore meant the closing down of exhibition halls which many people travelled thousands of miles to visit. It was a dismal story, said Mr. W., and, like many dismal stories, it had a moral. The moral, he added, suddenly partisan, was: "Don't be taken in by your own parrot-cries!"

This, he explained, was a reference to his belief that the cuts had been made merely because the Tories, at the election, had said cuts could be made, and they felt that they simply had to live up to that slogan. And in the process they had made a nasty mess of the museums and art galleries.

Ryeing Mr. BOYD-CARPENTER with some truculence, Mr. WYATT expressed the view that the Government would doubtless assess the value of the Elgin Marbles by weight—but the Minister showed no sign of resentment. He seemed more interested in Mr. W.'s claim that visitors to all museums and art



Impressions of Parliamentarians

Commander Noble (Cholera)

galleries have greatly increased in numbers since the war.

In the subsequent discussion the gentle Mr. CHURCHILL spoke of the Government's "paltry and undignified economy," and Mr. MITCHELL, who is more given to the dramatic (if not always more accurate) phrase, saw in the Government's action the beginning of the trail leading to the burning of books "and all the rest of it," on the best Hitlerian model.

The surprising Mr. ANNEURIN BEVAN then revealed himself as a staunch supporter of the museums and art galleries—"I often spend an hour wandering around them"—and hotly opposed to any suggestion (Mr. CHRIS HOLLIS put it forward in the debate) that a charge should be made for admission to them. Sir EDWARD KEELING, from the Government side, sadly but fiercely joined

forces with the Opposition, but still Mr. B.-C. was as inscrutable as any exhibit in the Egyptian Room at the British Museum.

Then he rose and announced that the Treasury intended to lend to the museums and art galleries experts who might help them so to reorganize as to make partial closing unnecessary. And, if that proved impossible, then the Government would reconsider the amount of their allocation.

There was a whoop of joy from all parts of the House. It was a triumph for Public Opinion.

The House then moved on to talk about access to the countryside, and there were complaints that the Government was not moving fast enough in the setting up of the National Parks. Mr. ANTHONY GREENWOOD (who is given to violent words these days, although his cheerful grin never fades) expressed despair of getting any concessions from the "united front of vandals and philistines" on the Treasury Bench. Mr. HAROLD MACMILLAN, whose Ministerial responsibilities extend to the National Parks, retorted that he was only a moderate hiker, but that he *did* take long walks—alone, and unaccompanied by a Press photographer.

With which shrewd thrust at the more publicized hikers opposite, he left the subject.

Tuesday, July 15

Dr. Hewlett Johnson, the "Red Dean" of Canterbury, came in for attention in both Houses to-day, largely because of his allegations

that germ-warfare had been used by the United Nations forces in Korea. It was generally felt that Mr. CHURCHILL summed up in a few words the feeling of the majority of M.P.s and Peers when he replied to a request for a special Commission to inquire into the Dean's activities.

He said: "Free speech carries with it the evils of all the foolish,

unpleasant, venomous things that are said, but on the whole we would rather lump them than do away with it."

In the Other Place most speakers said much the same thing at considerably greater length, and there was a full-scale debate in a crowded House. The Archbishop of CANTERBURY himself took part and raised roars of laughter by complaining (with a wry look but with a twinkle in his eye) that people abroad were apt to think that the views of the *Dean* were necessarily those of the *Archbishop*—or even that the *Dean* and the *Archbishop* were one and the same person.

It took some time for their Lordships to compose themselves after this glimpse of the Primate's unsuspected burden, but there were serious "Hear! Hears!" when he went on to deplore the *Dean's* activities and to describe him as a "public nuisance."

It was clear that neither Church nor State wishes to make a martyr of the *Dean* by acting against him—although the Lord Chancellor did say that the Attorney-General had still under consideration the question whether he had committed any offence other than treason—already ruled out.

Students of our way of life must have found food for thought in the fact that the Archbishop, having said that the *Dean* was a "blind, unreasonable and stupid" fanatic, who had "lost all control of common sense," came down on the side of tolerance and freedom, and against punitive action. And there the matter was left.

In the Commons the Civil List Bill was given a second reading in face of an official Opposition amendment for its rejection. This was moved in order to bring forward again the demands that the List be reviewed periodically and that Court and State ceremonial should be simplified. The stentorian Mr. RICHARD STOKES put the case and argued that it was not fair to put on the Sovereign the onus of choosing which of the pieces of traditional ceremony should be cut or ended.

Wednesday, July 16

There was no indication, when Mr. CHURCHILL walked calmly into the House of Commons this afternoon, that he was going to produce a sensation that sent the gentlemen of the Press Gallery scurrying to their telephones.

Mr. DOUGLAS JAY asked an innocent-looking question about the policy of the Government "to give exports a higher priority than defence." It produced a non-committal answer. But, in reply to supplementary questions, Mr. CHURCHILL suddenly became animated and spoke of "very serious measures being taken in all fields of our national life to enable us to pay our way and to live on our earnings and exports."

With half-recollections of a recent speech in which the P.M. had spoken of the nation as standing on an apparently somewhat shaky tripod, the House sat up with a bump. Mr. C. went on to reveal (regardless of the feelings of the "usual channels" sitting blushing by his side) that there is to be a two-days' debate on the economic situation before Parliament rises.

After this flash of excitement a debate on civil aviation, interesting as it was, seemed tame.





The Globe Revue (GLOBE)—The Way to Keep Him (ARTS)

COMPARING successive vignettes from the same grower is never very easy, I believe, and the second edition of a revue presents similar difficulties. The palate is already familiar with the flavour, and allowance must be made; having tried to make it, I think *The Globe Revue* is at present a good deal patchier than its triumphant predecessor, "The Lyric Revue." The steady series of knock-out punches which marked the other as the best revue since the war is missing, some of the sketches are only medium funny, and even Mr. ARTHUR MACRAE, easily the chief contributor, falls back on themes as old as the society servant and our inability to pay our way abroad.

But this is judging the programme by its own high standards. It will no doubt be improved, and as it is it holds sufficient store of riches to be a magnet for London. A very versatile cast that seems in the best sense a team has kept its freshness, and the joints in

Mr. WILLIAM CHAPPELL's production are already beautifully smooth.

Miss DORA BRYAN, who has something of Mr. Leslie Henson in her eye, again displays the variety and sureness of her comic touch. A further version of her scene at the information desk is as good as ever, she loses nothing of a charming lyric by Mr. PAUL DEHN about a cockney stranded by her boy-friend in the poms of a grand restaurant, and all through the major sketches she is a tower of strength. Mr. NOEL COWARD scores very happily with four arty harbingers of gloom wallowing floppily in pessimism round a maypole. Perhaps the most original item of all is Mr. IAN CARMICHAEL's solemn exhibition of the agonies of a shy man in a bowler hat undressing on a beach under a mackintosh. Among the other plums are Miss DIANA DECKER's scorching delivery of a neat lyric by Mr. MACRAE benignant the fate of a girl doomed to attract only the semi-precious in furs and

jewels, Miss JOAN HEAL's demonstration of a singer stuck to a grand piano, and Mr. GEORGE BENSON's solo turn as the operations officer of a firm of radio-controlled universal aunts. The light sentiment in this programme is not so certain as the theatrical satire, to which Mr. MACRAE has given a cutting edge. The American musical's sad hangover from the Pacific War, the possible influence of "Dragon's Mouth" on Cinderella, and the effect of a Streetcar production on an innocent English family comedy are all dealt with most satisfactorily. Mr. LOUDON SAINTHILL's simple and elegant décor adds considerably to the evening's pleasures, and there are a number of whistleable tunes.

ARTHUR MURPHY's introduction of Johnson to Mrs. Thrale was not his only claim to fame; he also wrote a number of competent plays, among the best of them *The Way to Keep Him*. In plot this comedy of manners is rather ingenious. It works to two ends, the complete



(*The Way to Keep Him*)
Widow Bellmour—Miss AVICE LANDONE

discomfiture of a husband with an errant eye, and the nerving of a booby to the dangerously unfashionable admission that he loves his wife. All this is highly moral, in its Restoration framework; and the play further urges that virtue in a wife is not enough unless she makes it her business to keep her husband guessing and amused. It goes fairly well at the Arts, though it seemed to me that Murphy's wit was too slight for such a delicate game. Mr. LAURENCE HARDY and Mr. ERNEST CLARK are amusing, but in style and authority Miss AVICE LANDONE, as a good-natured widow, stands by herself.

Recommended

The Innocents (Her Majesty's), "The Turn of the Screw" twisted into powerful spook drama. *The Millionairess* (New), weak Shaw galvanized by Katharine Hepburn. *Dial "M" for Murder* (Westminster), intelligent crime.

ERIC KEOWN



(*The Globe Revue*)
Miss JOAN HEAL Mr. GEORGE BENSON
Miss DORA BRYAN

KEENE AND ON

GRAPHIC humour, some people say, is "not what it used to be"—which, of course, suggests the classic rejoinder. If one asks why its style has changed so much in recent years, one must also ask why it has changed in the past: and the answer is the same; it moves with the times.

Consider the Victorian tradition, how varied or varying it is. John Leech and Charles Keene were alike only in the sense that they both had their eye on social life: but Leech drew with careless ease from memory while Keene studied living models and made detailed drawings of a boat on the beach or the fold of a sleeve, for use in a finished picture. He was, as they say, a "realist" whereas Leech was not; and the difference between them is not only one of personality but of a period. Leech still lived in a world of somewhat grotesque conventions in draughtsmanship and fun; Keene matured in the heyday of "social

realism," the serious 1870s and 1880s.

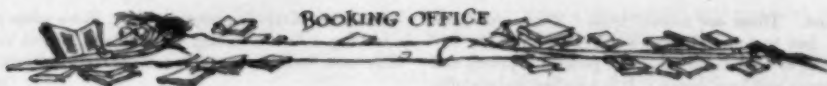
The mood, the period atmosphere, the "mental climate" have their effect. If Keene expressed the "spirit of the 'eighties" in drawings full of London fog and drizzle (the line, in the originals, has something of the thickness of the air), Phil May made drastic revisions of style and method to swing into the gayer tempo of the 'nineties. As our own time is different from either of theirs, altered means are again needed to give its flavour.

For example, nowadays most of us like to get to the point quickly. We have been taught to do so by radio and film. A modern novelist will not begin with those leisurely descriptions that Sir Walter Scott was fond of, and if he did he would certainly run the risk of losing his grip on the reader. In much the same way the draughtsman drives directly at his theme. He does not use two operations when one will do. In other words he feels that a drawing should do its own work without calling in a long written caption to help it out. If it has a

humorous aim it should be humorous in its own nature and as a drawing.

It is in this essentially graphic humour that the modern draughtsman is distinct from a good many of his predecessors—there are some characteristic examples at the present exhibition of the Society of Graphic Artists at the Royal Institute Galleries in Piccadilly, including *Punch* originals which it is interesting to compare and contrast with *Punch* originals by Keene at the Arts Council's exhibition of his drawings in St. James's Square. The present-day artist is not so realistic as Keene was. He expresses a humorous idea more completely by means of line and with less reliance on an accompanying joke: but the quality they share is that each suits his period, and it is hard to imagine their methods transposed. There is something of the twentieth century in the twentieth-century drawings—not merely because they represent contemporary types, houses, costume, means of transport and so on, but because they convey its attitude, its liking for the concise, and its vein of fantasy too (so alien to Keene and the society of the 'eighties). WILLIAM GAUNT





Aim and Accomplishment

Unreal City. Robert Liddell. Cape, 12/6

The Struggles of Albert Woods. William Cooper. Cape, 12/6

The Island of Desire. Edith Templeton. Eyre and Spottiswoode, 12/6

MR. ROBERT LIDDELL's *Unreal City* is an exercise in the Novel as an Art Form. His previous book, "The Last Enchantments," was spiced with a gossip gaiety and, though more esoteric, had more vivacity. He is very intelligent and serious, but his new book is donnish: he lacks the vulgar crafts. Too much has been sacrificed to the pattern. The Mediterranean island, whose capital is the city of his title, is described so formally that it makes no impact and most of the subsidiary characters are routine sketches. Mr. Liddell has a sense of time and eternity but little feeling for the particular.

The central situation, the relation between an English civilian, frozen by grief at the death of his sister, and an elderly Greek, a dissolute scholar, lacks freshness and the two men do not linger in the memory. What does linger is Mr. Liddell's moral passion. The novel is not really about people at all; it is about Charity and Grief and Love. As one reads, the triteness and over-contrivance of the framework are forgotten in the excitement of watching a very keen moral sense at work. When the author looks back not to Proust but to Pascal he becomes a different man. Unfortunately, in his charity to sexual abnormality, he seems to suggest that the Confessional is neutral between vice and virtue. His detachment from life results in a lowered awareness of the connection between sin and death.

Mr. William Cooper's *The Struggles of Albert Woods* is very entertaining and effective, though, as in his "Scenes from Provincial Life," the effect aimed at is cunningly concealed. Mr. Cooper has turned back to the casual, conversational style of Bennett and Wells. Sometimes he is horribly waggish. He moralizes and amorizes. All the time, the lazy, easy stride covers the ground. It is a shock to realize that he is using the middle-brow novel for a high-brow purpose. (These labels may be old-fashioned, but they have the advantage that everybody knows roughly what they mean.) This shock has been carefully planned. Inducing the reader to compare the book to "Kipps" or "The Card" and then become aware of the inadequacy of the comparison is one of Mr. Cooper's most successful tricks.

The story of a secondary schoolboy's rise in the scientific world and acquisition of an aristocratic mother-in-law, only to miss the culminating knight-hood by a sudden outburst of generous indignation, has a fairy-tale improbability. Albert is a Little Man with a fanatical ambition for greatness. He inflates himself and then, at least so Mr. Cooper keeps on

telling us, he bursts. Amid a good deal of gaily described intrigue and some remarkable descriptions of the process of scientific discovery, Mr. Cooper quietly analyses greatness as it exists in the conditions of a technocracy.

Mrs. Edith Templeton's earlier novels were social comedies set in Central Europe, and gained a good deal from the unfamiliarity of the setting. *The Island of Desire* is more serious in tone, though not in content. The heroine is the daughter of a fashionable family in Prague. Her prospects in life are blighted when she publishes a poem referring to the central heating of her school and is banned from all higher education in the country. There is nothing left for her but exile in Paris, where she marries an English engineer, drawn as the comic Englishman of the French music halls. He is called Johnny Parker and says things like "Mother would never go without her tea" and "I'm a plain man. Pudding is good enough for me." In Coventry it slowly dawns on the heroine that she has not made even a fairly good marriage. It also dawns on her that she is dissatisfied because, like her Mother, she is really a votress of Venus, ineluctably destined to the pleasures of Cythera. Silly as much of this novelette is, the opening chapters amid the high-life of Prague have the old charm and the writing is crisp and accomplished.

R. G. G. PRICE

Ross and The New Yorker. Dale Kramer. Gollancz, 12/6

A sketch of the late Harold Ross's career before he founded *The New Yorker*, and a more detailed account of it thereafter, with many stories about the famous contributors and extensive quotations from the



"All the best jobs are in the situations wanted column."

magazine. These are mostly from "Notes and Comment" but include Thurber's "A Box to Hide In" complete, as well as innumerable picture captions and many short and long verses. It is a highly entertaining book, though its "newspaper" style of bright, emphatic sentences (the only discoverable semicolons being five in one paragraph of conscious Fine Writing on page 146) gives one the sensation of reading an unusually long, though very vividly and amusingly written column, by somebody who knows more adjectives than most columnists. There are a useful index, a sometimes rather irritating failure to particularize about dates, and the charming information that Ross, who had a high regard for *Punch* and began by deliberately imitating many of its features, believed there was a weekly "Punch Editorial tea," at which a contributor was allowed to stay for a period determined by the number of his acceptances. R. N.

Closed Harbour. James Hanley. Macdonald, 12/6

Grave or gay, romantic or ruthlessly realistic, sailors and the sea—as one or two recent best-sellers have shown—fascinate the Island race. In *Closed Harbour* Mr. James Hanley continues his explorations into the seedier side of ship life by drawing a full-length portrait of a sea captain who has lost his "ticket." The scene is Marseilles, the theme disintegration of a personality who, trailing from shipping office to shipping office, cannot survive the catastrophe of being earthbound when everyone, from the clerks who almost openly sneer at him to his embittered mother and sister, knows that he is finished. Those who are drawn to the sea face loneliness and isolation, but, for Captain Marius, Marseilles is worse than any tempest at sea. Disliked by his mother who cannot forgive his failure, hated by a sister with whom he has been incestuous, pitied, and finally loathed, by the madame of a brothel, the captain is driven through drink, lust, anger, fear into the twilight world of the insane. Mr. Hanley—perhaps because he seems to stand far from his subject

—describes Marius's progress coldly, like a sober person watching a drunk reeling through the streets in mid-afternoon, but the result is impressively professional. R. K.

Gardenage. Geoffrey Grigson. Routledge and Kegan, 21/-

Do not let the title of Mr. Grigson's new work, suggestive of the sort of label a store might slap on its garden tools department, repel you. His book is a pleasant mixture of oddly-fetched lore, information, and wrinkles about gardening. He intended, but was dissuaded from, calling it "The Plants of Ninursaga"; which being interpreted engagingly in his eleventh chapter gives the key to the book's aim, to go back to the beginnings of man's knowledge of how to grow things, for Ninursaga was the Sumerian goddess of fertility, birth and growth in early Mesopotamian times. Mr. Grigson takes delight in tracking down the first introduction of the horse-chestnut (from Byzantium in the sixteenth century) into Europe. Curious about woad, he grew some, and imparts the delight of that experiment to all who have either green fingers or any feel of the past. R. C. S.

SHORTER NOTES

To Teach the Senators Wisdom, or An Oxford Guide-book. J. C. Masterman. Hodder and Stoughton, 15/- Urban, mellow, erudite (in the vein of a latter-day Aubrey) and extremely amusing, here is the bouquet of a vintage Oxford. The Fellows of "St. Thomas's"—such of them as are up in vacation—prepare for the incursion of three American pundits by concocting an introduction to the *genius loci*.

Adventures of a Treasure Hunter. Charles P. Everitt. Gollancz, 15/- The writer, famous rare book dealer, had a rest for chasing ancient nineteenth-century Americana. The book is full of hard-currency tales of the permutation of junk into collectors' gems and back into junk. The author can joke, even against himself. Any two of his pages could be transposed without your noticing.

Traitor's Bridge. Nigel Shigh. Werners, 12/6. The problems of conflicting loyalties in wartime illuminated by observing the fate of a Scottish aristocrat with a dual allegiance and its effect on his circle. Characters and plot are skilfully manipulated to evoke the atmosphere of a Hitchcock film. A thoroughly worth-while novel.

Two Gentlemen of Rome. Ernest Raymond. Cassell, 18/- The stories of Shelley and Keats deftly woven into a single narrative. Mr. Raymond is an enthusiast unashamed, but in a book addressed primarily to the uninitiated a missionary fervour is not inappropriate. Copious quotation is a timely reminder that poets are to be read as well as read about.

Duveen. B. N. Behrman. Hamish Hamilton, 12/6. The great Duveen—Lord Duveen of Millbank—sold European art to rich Americans, provoked a world-wide revival of interest in the old masters and indirectly founded a score of art galleries. This dry and delightful biography of the masterful dealer contains an analysis of his salesmanship, admirable portraits of tamed tycoons and a wealth of anecdote. Warmly recommended.

Night Be My Witness. Walter Clapham. Cape, 12/6. This autobiographical novel of non-commissioned aircrew engaged on night bombing sometimes leans too heavily on the poetic, but there are passages of chilling excitement and others to sadden and enrage one at the bitter futility of it all.

Out, Damned Tot. Nancy Spain. Hutchinson, 10/6. Best-selling children's author killed on tourist island in tropics. Miriam Birdseye leads the merry chase. One of the funniest of the series but plot wild and detection woolly. Miss Spain ought sometimes to cut loose from puzzles and give her great talent for farce a clear run.

Low Life and High Life. Anton. Harvill Press, 10/6. These coolly frenzied sideglances on modern civilization first appeared in *Punch*. In volume form they are wittily introduced by Miss Joyce Grenfell and Miss Virginia Graham.



DOGBACK

"It seems to be a long time since I told anyone a shaggy dog story," said Cranmer.

"It doesn't seem long enough yet," said Purbright's wife.

"There aren't any left to tell," said Purbright.

"Yet it may be," said Cranmer, "that there is one that I know which neither of you knows."

"What of it?" asked Purbright's wife.

"There's the original one," said Purbright, "about the shaggy dog which was lost. There's the pigeon which was late for dinner because it was such a nice night it thought it would walk. There's the cricketing horse; there's the horse that, to the consternation of its rider, got a foreleg up into a stirrup-iron—"

"If you're coming up," quoted Cranmer, nodding, "then I'm coming down."

"I don't want to hear about any of them," said Purbright's wife.

"And then there's the horrible one about the dead horse in the bath," said Purbright.

"I don't believe," said Cranmer, after a pause, "that you know the one about the knight in armour and the St. Bernard dog."

"No!" said Purbright's wife.

"On guest nights in wardroom messes I have made it last for twenty-seven minutes."

"Oh?" said Purbright.

"This knight was caught in a blizzard, without his horse, on the side of a steep Alp. Warily he clambered upwards through the darkness."

"Did he have a banner with a strange device?" asked Purbright.

"Yes," said Cranmer. "Excalibur."

"Why," asked Purbright's wife, "—why should you do this to me just after I've given you all that lovely macaroni cheese?"

"Perhaps that's why he is doing it," said Purbright, guffawing.

"You guffawed, Purbright," exclaimed his wife, aghast. "I have never known you do that before."

"I'm practising," said Purbright. "I shall have to do it at the end of this story."

Cranmer forged on. "The knight was in great distress," he said. "His tiny mailed fist was frozen; the snow had worked its way inside his armour and was rusting his chain-mail; his banner, device and all, was frozen as hard as a board; and his helmet-plume was just another stalagmite—"

"Stalactite," corrected Purbright.

"Just another stalagmite," said Cranmer, firmly. "However, even as he was about to collapse, a

St. Bernard dog appeared, as large as life—"

"And twice as shaggy," said Purbright's wife, restlessly.

"As large as life," repeated Cranmer, "with the usual small barrel under its chin. 'Mount upon my back, Sir Knight,' said the dog, sturdily, 'and we will search for shelter together.' Gratefully the knight mounted the dog and soon the strange combination was pressing forward up the side of the Alp. Hours later, the barrel long since empty, they came exhausted to a small building at the head of a pass. The knight edged his tired mount



up to the door and knocked. The door opened two inches and a surly eye and nose appeared. 'Whad-dya want?' they said. 'Shelter from the storm, prithee, for this poor dog and myself,' said the knight, raising his visor with an effort. 'Not on your life,' was the answer and the door slammed. The St. Bernard, which had tried to insert a foreleg into the doorway, was nipped and gave a short desperate yelp. The knight's visor dropped over his face again. 'I wouldn't do that to a knight,' he said in tones of muffled dejection, 'on a dog like this.'

"Wouldn't do that to a what?" asked Purbright's wife.

"To a knight," said Cranmer, "on a dog like this. Transposition, see?"

Purbright guffawed.

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call,
Adown, adown I fling
My little duster in the hall
And run like anything,
And gay as any cuckoo-bird
I greet the listening wire,
And sure, they think, was never
heard
So blithe a car for hire!

And thus they muse: "When folks
explain

Like that, so nice and kind,
It makes you want to ring again—
You know they wouldn't mind;
Not that we shall, not now, but still,
Next time we need a car,
Well, very probably we will,
The way the numbers are."

Good honest souls! They cannot
know

I do but act a part,
That under all this merry show
There lies a rung-up heart
That leapt, it couldn't tell them why,
What for, it couldn't say;
A heart that's always answered by
A voice for Mr. A.

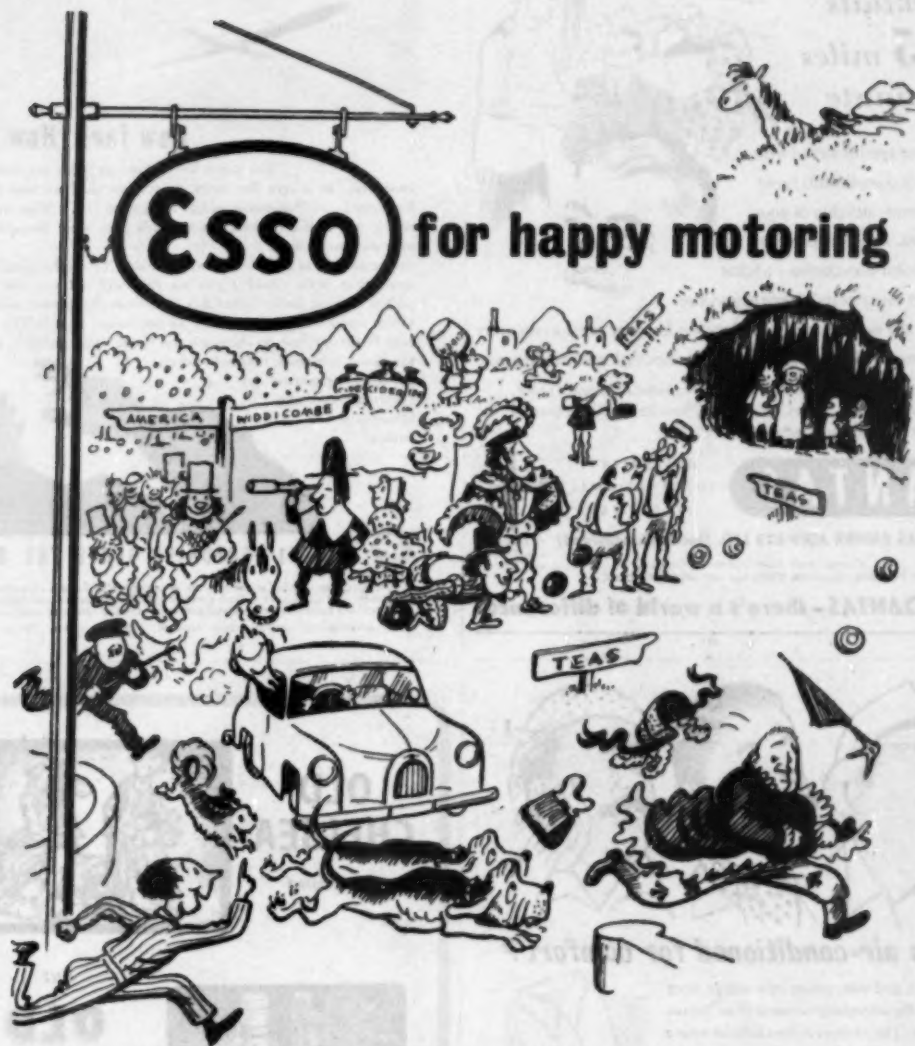
ANDE



"It seems to be some sort of autobiography."

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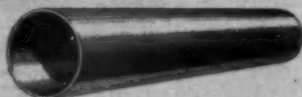
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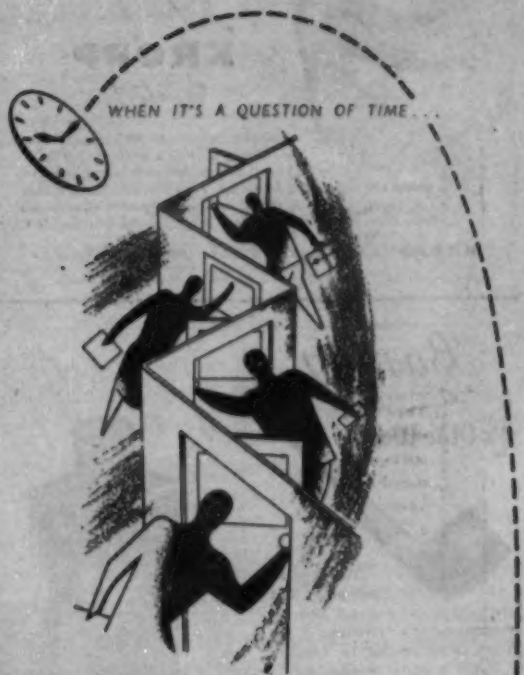
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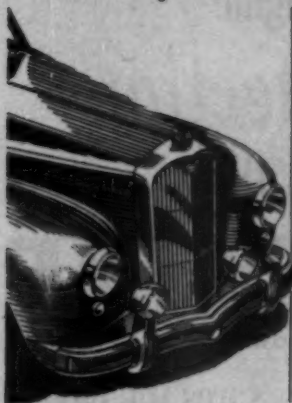
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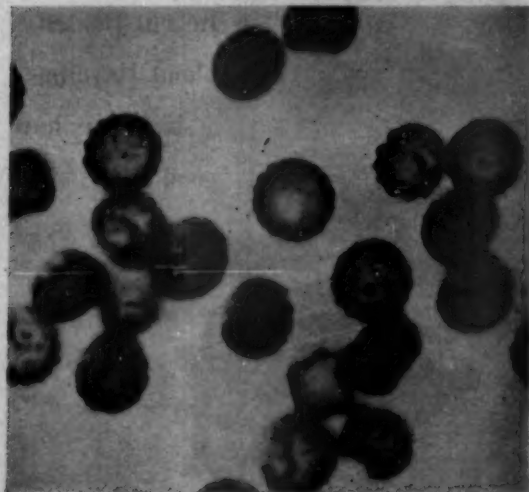
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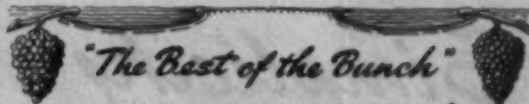
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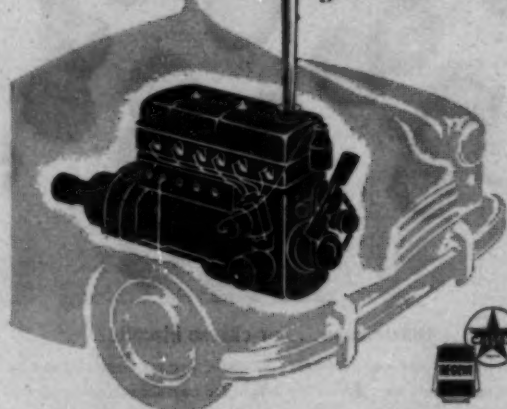
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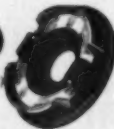


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A PROUD SPIRIT. The King's grooms however found the stallion wild and untameable and in an attempt to break his proud spirit had put him to pulling a vegetable cart for the head chef at Versailles. When even this failed to subdue him, he was sold to the water carrier who had tried to starve him into submission. Mr. Coke sent the horse back to England where it was nursed back to health. On its owner's death, the horse passed to his friend Lord Godolphin.

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